Sleep Study

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/17367893.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	season 1 AU, Blow Jobs, Ladder Kink, ladder sex, We have to be the first fandom to eroticise an effing ladder, But people seem to like it, slightly crackish, I'm Sorry, Distracted Will, Innovative Hannibal, Possible dubious consent?, If You Squint - Freeform, But the end result is appreciated, surprise sex?, How do tags even work
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Sleep Study
Stats:	Published: 2019-01-10 Words: 2,146 Chapters: 1/1

Sleep Study

by raiast

Summary

Will Graham is stressed out. Hannibal has an idea that might help the poor boy relax long enough to obtain a decent night's sleep. Too bad Will is entirely wrapped up in his own head to thoroughly enjoy what that entails.

or

The product of waking up at 3:30 in the morning and thinking about that stupid effing ladder until I could fall asleep again.

Notes

This was the product of lack of/disturbed sleeping cycles and was entirely too much fun to write. I'm sorry. And not. Whatever.

See the end of the work for more notes

“I’m just...I’m stuck. I hate to admit it, but I am. Not like I can tell *Jack* that, though,” Will snorted derisively at the very idea. “Well get *un*stuck!” He barked in a chillingly accurate imitation of the federal agent. “On top of it all I can’t remember the last full night of sleep I had, or the last time I fell asleep before two a.m. without about half a pint of whiskey in me,” he finished off what had turned into a ten minute rant, leaning back against the ladder to the balcony, having tired of pacing about. He brought both hands up to rub his face roughly, already embarrassed at the elaborate response to Hannibal’s rather simple opening of ‘how have you been’.

“You seem to be holding on to quite a bit of stress as of late, Will,” Hannibal noted. Will fought the very rude desire to ask how much Hannibal was charging the FBI to state the obvious. “Have you considered any calming exercises to alleviate your sleep issues? I know you usually deny any medication to aid you--”

“No pills,” Will confirmed, cutting him off. He rubbed the scruff on his chin. “‘Calming exercises’...” he repeated. “What, like meditation? Yoga?” Will attempted to envision himself contorting into elaborate poses to zen music as seven curious dogs nosed around him.

“Masturbation seems to be quite effective for many struggling with sleep and stress.”

Will swayed with alarm at the abrupt way the psychiatrist broached the subject. He reckons he’d have fallen over completely had his weight not already been supported by the ladder behind him. He sputtered for a moment, completely embarrassed and certain that he was beet red.

Hannibal was tactful at least in the way that he pretended not to notice his reaction. “It’s a perfectly natural biological urge,” he assured Will. “The natural release of oxytocin and serotonin provides a number of benefits. I’ve no doubt it would aid you in your sleep troubles as well help release some of that pent up frustration of your daily stressors. Do you masturbate regularly, Will?”

Him and his damn sophisticated voice, making the question sound as if he were asking Will how he takes his coffee. *No. No way am I talking to Hannibal about jerking off*, he assured himself vehemently. His traitor mouth, as per usual, was flapping before his more reasonable brain could send it the message to *shut the fuck up*.

“Uh...I mean I’m not on any kind of schedule or anything,” he mumbled, pulling his gaze to fix obstinately on the wall to his left instead of at the very attractive psychiatrist across the room that was asking him about self-pleasure.

“Perhaps you should consider one,” Hannibal suggested and...Christ, was he *teasing* him? Of course, as a doctor of the mind and body it would stand to reason that such topics wouldn’t embarrass Hannibal in the least.

Plus he’s European.

Will couldn't even begin to describe where *that* thought came from, let alone suss out what in the Hell it actually meant.

"Although, it is actually proven that sexual interaction with a partner can provide the same benefits. Heighten them, even."

An incredulous snort was pulled from Will's throat at that, discomfiture temporarily forgotten. "Yeah, it's *finding* the partner that would be a real challenge. Hey, that's actually not a terrible suggestion. All that running around looking for someone that could stand my presence for a night is *bound* to tire me out eventua--" Will stopped short, his sarcasm and breath ripped from him as he turned his head to find that at some point Hannibal had come to stand before him.

His thin lips were quirked in what could only be Hannibal's estimation of a smile. His russet eyes glinted conspiratorially. "No one said it needed to be a full night," he corrected him, and Will could only gape at him. "I'd like to try an exercise in relaxation with you, Will," he proposed, didn't bother to wait for Will to finish gaping at him before he continued. "You will let me know if you grow uncomfortable." It could have been a question, suggestion or command; Will was in no state to deduce or respond as something flashed in Hannibal's eyes and revealed a devilish *hunger*.

Long-fingered, graceful hands grasped the wrists that hung uselessly at Will's sides and stretched them up, wrapping his fingers around the rung of the ladder that sat a few above his head. Will gripped the wood as a shudder ran through him, his imagination flashing through the many scenarios that might be about to play out. When Hannibal's nimble fingers dropped down to work on the buttons of his shirt he allowed his lungs to cease function, rerouting all main power to stopping his legs from turning to jelly; the last thing he needed to do was sag his full weight onto the thin wooden rung above him and break what was, knowing Hannibal, probably a two-thousand dollar ladder.

His brain decided to focus on that thought, as it seemed much more likely than the ridiculous fantasy-come-to-life notion of his devastatingly beautiful psychiatrist opening his shirt and skimming his fingers along his torso. When Hannibal bent down to graze his teeth and then lips along Will's exposed collarbone he scoffed internally. *Probably the sole survivor of the Library of Alexandria* , he reasoned. *Hey guys, I know we lost a few centuries worth of scrolls in that fire but look, this ladder made it out okay!*

Okay, maybe he was being a bit facetious, he reasoned as deft fingers dropped down to work open his belt. After all, the thought of Hannibal having such a prestigious piece of history just leaning against the balcony in his office was about as ridiculous as the notion of such a cultured and regal individual *dropping to his knees* before him, the same time that his pants fell to his ankles.

Christ, this is happening, Will returned to the room momentarily, achingly aware of the fact that, 1) Hannibal had his face buried into his cotton-clad groin and 2) he had, at some point, become covered in a fine sheen of sweat. He arched his back away from the ladder behind him, self-conscious about sweating all over a ladder that probably came from the Library of Constantinople.

Hannibal must have taken the action for encouragement, because he tilted his head to mouth at the hardness confined by Will's boxer-briefs with enthusiasm, his sly fingers ghosting teasingly along and, occasionally, under the elastic at his waist.

Will couldn't stop his moan, his hips pushing instinctively closer to the wet heat and his grip shifting on the wood above him. *Soft and smooth, no danger of splinters at all. Could wood* be *this soft? It must be the wear of having been climbed up and down countless times…* Will stretched out his pinky to run along the side of the ladder. *No wearing on this part, and it's just as soft. What kind of wood could be so soft and yet so sturdy at the same time?*

It's not until his swollen cock has been released from his briefs and is encased by Hannibal's clever hand that Will realizes he is about to receive his first blow job in a staggering number of years and is likely to miss it because his broken mind is too busy obsessing over a goddamn *ladder*. He looked down just in time to see the first questing lick that Hannibal gives the head of his weeping cock and spirals out of his mind all over again.

His first reaction is to wonder why in the Hell Hannibal decided that sticking Will's dick in his mouth sounded like a pleasant activity. His second, more nauseating, reaction is to calculate with panic the last time Will had washed down there. Had he taken a shower when he'd gotten home from his lecture that afternoon? Or was it when he had woken drenched in pungent sweat at four o'clock that morning? He recalled it being oppressively hot in his lecture hall that day. If he hadn't showered when he'd gotten home…

Regardless of his bathing schedule, Hannibal seemed to have no regrets as to how this was proceeding. Will's cock currently sat fully sheathed in Hannibal's hot, slick mouth, and the man let out a low hum of pleasure. Without warning, he pulled off of him and glanced up at Will from beneath his fine lashes dubiously. "I can hear you thinking, Will."

For one horrifying moment, Will took his words seriously and considered Hannibal honing in to his train-wreck of a thought process. It took a full three seconds for him to realize that he only meant that he could tell that Will was distracted and was trying to bring his attention back to the matter at hand. Or mouth. Whatever.

"O-oh," he breathed, settling back against the ladder in an attempt to relax. "S-sorry. It's not you or anything it's just…"

"This exercise is to help bring you out of your own head, Will," Hannibal was always saving his stupid stutterings with the most graceful comments.

'Exercise' he called it. As if Hannibal wasn't dick-deep in Will's personal space.

"How can I better assist you of that?" the question was murmured against the hard length of his throbbing cock. He brought one hand up to cup and then fondle Will's heavy balls as his lips wrapped around the head of his cock once again and *sucked*. As he slowly drew the length of him into his mouth his other hand slid slyly up to reach behind his nutsack, one finger stroking teasingly over his puckered hole and then pressing against it with a gentle firmness as his nose met Will's groin and Will's cock met the back of Hannibal's throat.

“ *Mary*, Mother of-- *fuck*, Hannibal!” Will cried out. He’d never been breached before, still hadn’t, but Hannibal’s finger edged against him as he worked, as if swearing a promise for another time. Just the unfamiliar feeling of it had Will keening against him. “Keep--keep going,” he gasped, begged. Hannibal complied, doubling his efforts by quickening his pace, the head of his cock meeting the soft back of his throat with every forward thrust.

Will whimpered, writhing against the ladder that supported him, his hands instinctively stroking along the soft length of the rung in time with Hannibal sucking him off. And it was so warm and wet, *soft and hard all at once somehow. Certainly this ladder was carved of wood from some magical forest. There’s absolutely no way that this is made out of something as simple as ash or fir…*

A strangled cry was ripped from Will’s lips as his orgasm was ripped from the very center of his being. A white flash blinded his already closed eyes as his release pulsed down Hannibal’s eager throat. He was still processing the tingling sensation curling through the ends of his limbs as Hannibal stood before him, easy as you please, as though he hadn’t just swallowed Will’s load as readily as he’d swallow his pretentious wine. It took another moment for Will to realize that Hannibal had drawn up his pants and was now doing up his fly like he was a toddler.

He was still trembling against that ancient, rare, magical ladder as Hannibal finished with buttoning his shirt back up. “How do you feel, Will?”

His hot breath spread over Will’s neck as Hannibal straightened his collar.

“Nnngh,” Will responded intelligently.

Hannibal had the grace not to looked too pleased with himself. “Perhaps we should have conducted this experiment in Wolf Trap. Will you be alright to drive home?”

Will nodded, dazed. He vaguely recalls that he knows how to operate a motor vehicle. He realized he’s being directed towards the exit and forced his feet to move. Switching into a numb auto-pilot, Hannibal has to stop him at the door to urge him back into his coat.

“I’m quite curious what results this might yield. Will you call me tomorrow to let me know if your sleep schedule has been impacted in a positive manner?” Will nodded again and Hannibal grants him a small smile. “Good night, Will.”

It’s only as the door is about to close that Will regains some function of autonomy. “Ladder!” he cried.

Hannibal paused in shutting the door. “Pardon?”

“Your ladder,” Will repeated, consumed with the desire to placate his musings. “Where did you get your ladder?”

“Hm?” Hannibal seemed slightly confused for a second before he catches on. “Oh,” he realized, sparing a quick glance at the subject matter over his shoulder. “Pottery Barn.”

Pottery… Will stared at him.

“Good night, Will,” Hannibal bid farewell again. And once more Will nodded dumbly at him.

“Good night.”

End Notes

I may or may not have accidentally switched from past to present tense at certain points in writing this. I think I may have corrected all the mishaps but *shrug* these things happen when you aren't fortunate enough to have a Beta.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!